

Passion

I sit across
a table from
a girl
and ask
a simple question

“What are you passionate about?”

a question I thought
was easy to answer

but she is unable
to come up with
anything to say
because
she doesn't
know-

I speak with
a girl on the telephone

“I love how matter-of-factly you
speak, as if you didn't care at all.”
she tells me

“Well, thank you for loving it
and not hating me for it.”

“It's because I know you're
not *soulless*.” she says
“You just like to appear stoic for some reason.”

“It's because I only care
about a few things
and those are the things
I pour all my passion into.”-

The more people I meet
the more I realize
how empty they really are

no one has any flame
any *get-up-and-go*
any *passion*

I don't know
what keeps them
going
day after day
night after
miserable night

how do they keep
the bulls at bay?

how do they keep
the bluebirds
from flying out
of their heads?

how do they *wake up*?

the more people
I meet
the luckier
I feel
because
through all
my despair
I have a gift...

the
ability to
care about
something
passionately